

Canadians in Captured Territory - - - Two Good Samaritans



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(1) The entry of the first army commander into Mons, which was captured by the Canadians. The mayor addressing the army commander in the square.

(2) A Belgian lady returns to her home after the Germans had taken her to Germany to work on the land. She was imprisoned because she would not work in the munition factory. She is wearing her pack in which she carried her belongings in the camp.

(3) Among the booty captured by the Irish Guards was an armored train (made in England).

(4) Wounded U. S. soldiers transported to New York by the Canadian Pacific "Empress of Britain."

(5) A German aeroplane which nose-dived outside a Zeppelin shed near Namur. When the Canadians arrived they found that the big gas bag had blown.

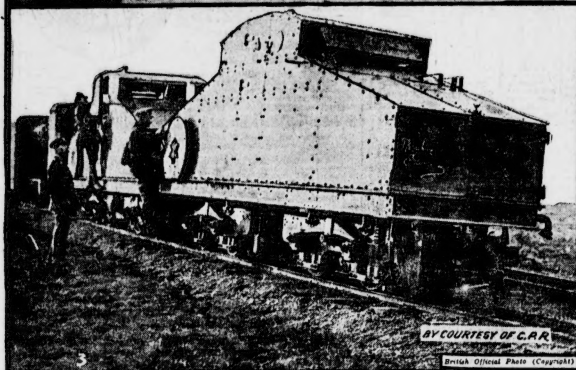
(6) Taking U. S. wounded soldiers from "Empress of Britain."

(7) The entrance to one of the forts of Namur. The Canadians now occupy this territory.



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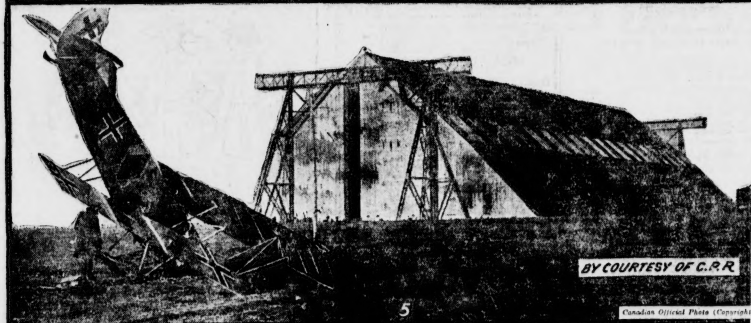


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A LITTLE DISPLAY OF TEMPER



Mountain Sheep in the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

ONE hears of the affection of wild creatures and their devotion to worth telling, and may be told, but at present the subject is temper leading up to the demise of the mountain sheep whose eighteen-inch horns had been the ambition of hunters for three long seasons.

He ranged the peaks a score of miles below Fairlie where from the highest pinnacles of his range he could look down the fair sweep of the valley and see C. P. R. trains toiling up or roaring down the grades. He did not know what they were nor did he bother his mind much. To him they may have been crawling flies. His simple life did not include them, his chief annoyances were the self-imposed duties of whipping young and ambitious bucks keeping his hand of ewes in proper subjection and avoiding the two-legged creatures who crawled so clumsily about the rocks and frightened one with sharp noises followed by high-pitched whines. Once, when he had heard the sharp sound and did not hear the whine, his side had hurt for a long time and the blood had flowed as it does when an eagle or a mountain lion rips the hide, and he did not want to repeat that experience. So he was very watchful.

One day he stood on a wind-swept slope and gazed, high-headed, over the broad valley. Nearly his hand browsed placidly. A youthful and in-judicious male edged over to a charming young female and lusted spawning beds from buccanering trout while the female, almost in-pollt eyes, and sailing men have sold the mother whine sheltering calves under their great flukes while the harpoons were reaching deep for

even appreciation of what followed outbreaks of temper by the fool and master. A small stone, loosened by the heavy feet of the young buck rolled and clattered down the rocky grade.

Around behind a distant shoulder of rocks a man who had been fruitlessly hunting all afternoon had turned toward his valley camp, warned by the lengthening shadows of late afternoon. He heard a distant clatter of a rolling stone on loose shale and paused a moment before dropping to his knees and creeping noiselessly toward the point from whence the clatter came. The big buck, high-headed and watchful, his rump and loaming with anger, was just stepping down toward the impatient young male with every intention of inflicting merited chastisement when the rifle cracked. The animal turned and fled, blindly and fast, half stunned by the blow that smote his shoulder and burned his interior. He ran instinctively upward while his hand also scattered to the heights by other routes and the white man, breathless and panting, followed the blood drops that marked the path of his prey. He followed to the snow line and beyond, his hunter's soul gladdened by the crimson dashes on the white mantle. And at last, a half mile from where he had railed the b. n. and a thousand feet above his spot, he came upon the bighorn chief's body, half buried in the pure white of a heaven-climbing slide. One little display of jealous temper had ruined the life of the most astute Rocky Mountain sheep in the whole hunting country south of the C. P. R. main line—L. V. K.



